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LLOFRUDDIAETH OFNADWY YN BORTH.

Y TREIAL. Y DDEDFRYD.
I GAEL EI GROGI.

Cafawnwyd un o'r llofruddiaethau mwyaf ysgeler nos Ian, Medi 20fed, 1894, ar berson Mrs. Mary Davies, yn Borth, ge Aberystwyth. Morwr oedd ei gwr, ac y mae wedi bod oddi cartref am yn agos i flwyddyn. Yr oedd hi yn byw mewn tŷ wrth ei hunan, a gwnaeth ryw gymaint o waith gwnio. Gan na welwyd hi dydd Gwener, agorwyd y drws gan gymydogion cyfagos, a chafwyd hi yn ei gwisg nos yn farw ar y gwely. Yn chwiliad meddygol a ddangosodd iddi gael ei thagu, a dodwyd yr heddegidwad ar waith, yn fuan cafwyd fod peth arian a nodau yn eisieu o'r tŷ, a chafwyd fod rhywun wedi bod yn eu newid yn y Banc yn Aberystwyth. Cafwyd allan mae Thomas Richards, morwr, Sandon Villa, Borth, oedd hwnw, a'i fod yn frawd-yn nghyfraith i'r ddynes anffodus. Buwyd yn holi ei hanes ar hyd y wlad yn drwyadl iawn, nes cael ei ol yn Llanelli, ac oddi yno dilynwyd ef i Gastellnedd. Yno, yn y Falcon Inn, Old Market Street, am ddeg o'r gloch nos Fawrth, pump diwrnod ar ol y llofruddiaeth, llwyddodd yr heddegidwad gael gafael arno. Awd ag ef yn ol i Aberystwyth, a thra yn y tren yn myned yno, cyffesiodd i'r swyddogion ei fod yn euog o ladrata yr arian, er, fel y dywedai, na wyddau fod Mrs. Davies wedi marw. Dywed iddo wneyd ei ffordd i mewn trwy y ffenestr, a thra yn edrych am arian, i Mrs. Davies ddiuno, a dechreu gwaeddi. Er mwyn ei chadw yn dawel gwasgodd y glustog am ei phen, ond nid oedd am ei lladd. Cafwyd modrwy priodas Mrs. Davies yn ei feddiant. Dydd Sadwrn, Tachwedd 10fed, cymerodd y prawf le yn nghref Caerfyrddin o flaen y Barnwr Lawrence. Cafwyd tystiolaeth gan amryw dystion, a phrotwyd yn ddamheu, ma euog oedd Richards. Dychwelodd yr heithwyr mewn oddeutu awr, pan gawsant y carcharor yn euog o Llofruddiaeth Wirfoddol. Gwisgwyd y cap du gan y Barnwr, a chafodd Thomas Richards ei dedfrydu i gael ei grogi.

Dydd y prawf o'r diwedd wawriodd,
Yn mis Tachwedd, ddegfed dydd,
Pryd y cafodd Thomas Richards
Ateb am ei weithred prudd;
Yn Llys Sirol Tref Caerfyrddin
Bu y Barnwr ar ei sedd,
Tra bu'r llys yn llawn o tobl,
Difrifoldeb ar bob gwedd.

Yn y *box* fe ddodwyd Thomas,
 D'wedodd mae "Dieuog" oedd,
 Bowen Rowlands, dros y goron,
 Wnaeth y stori hyll yn g'oedd ;
 Adrodd wnaeth y chweril gododd
 Rhwng y llofrudd a'r wraig dlawd,
 Ac fel daeth pob peth yn amlwg
 Fel trwy weithrediadau Hawd.

Wedi hwylio ar y cefnfor
 Daeth i Abertawe fad,
 Ac fe deithiodd i'w gartrefle
 Er mwyn gwneyd ei erchyll frad ;
 Yn nawelwch mawr y cyfnos
 Aeth drwy y fenestr mewn i'r tŷ,
 Tra yn chwilio'r lle am arian
 O'i chwsg yn awr dihunwyd hi.

Mrs. Davies wnaeth croch-floeddio,
 Mewn fawr ofn, nes seth y dyn
 Fyny ati, a chyda'r clustog
 Tagodd hi drwy ymdrech blin ;
 Tawel eto oedd yr aned,
 Yn ei feddiant oedd yr aur,
 Allan aeth i'r heol yn ddirgel,
 Tra yr haul ymgoda'n glaer.

Ceisiodd ffoi rhag llaw y gyfraith,
 Cerddodd lawr i Gastellaedd,
 Ond cydwybod drwg anesmwyth
 Feiddiodd roddi iddo hedd ;
 Yn ryw dafarn daethpwyd iddo,
 Gan heddgeidwad ar ei ol,
 Ac fe ddygwyd ef i'r carchar,
 Lle cyfesiiodd ei waith ffol.

Weds holi am ryw dystion
 Rhoddwyd ddedfryd "Euog yw,"
 Gwisgwyd cap du gan y Barnwr,
 'Rhwn a draethodd eiriau byw:—
 "Ewch yn ol i'ch carchar tywyll,
 Gwna dy hedd â'r Uchel Dduw,
 Cyn y cewch eich sydyn hyrddio
 Maes o wyddfod dynolryw.

THE MURDER AT BORTH.

THE TRIAL. THE VERDICT.

Prisoner to be hanged.

One of the most cruel murders was committed on Thursday night, Sept. 20th, 1894, upon Mrs. Davies at Borth, near Aberystwyth. Her husband was a sailor, and had been from home nearly a year. She lived in a house by herself, and did a little sewing work. As she was not seen on Friday, some neighbours opened the doors, and found her in her night clothes on the bed, dead. Medical examination shewed that she had been smothered, and the police were put to work. Soon it was found that money and notes were missing from the house, and it was found that somebody had been trying to change them at a Bank at Aberystwyth. This person was found to be Thomas Richards, seaman, Sandon Villa, Borth, who is a brother-in-law to the unfortunate woman. His movements all over the country were carefully searched for until traces of him were found at Llanelly, and from there he was traced to Neath. There, at the Falcon Inn, Old Market Street, at 9 o'clock on Tuesday night, at 10 o'clock, five days after the murder, the police succeeded in laying their hands upon him. He was taken to Aberystwyth, and whilst in the train proceeding there, he confessed to the officers that he was guilty of stealing the money, although, as he said, he did not know that Mrs. Davies was dead. He said he had made his way through a window, and whilst looking for money, Mrs. Davies was aroused and commenced to scream. In order to keep her quiet he pressed her head with a pillow, but did not intend to kill her. Mrs. Davies's wedding ring was found in his possession. On Saturday, November 10th, the trial took place at Carmarthen before Judge Lawrence. Evidence was given by many witnesses, and it was proved beyond doubt that Richards was guilty of Wilful Murder. The Judge put on the black cap and sentenced Thomas Richards to be hanged.

On the tenth day of November
Came the day of trial true
When the accused man Thomas Richards
Did for justice have to sue.
At the Guildhall of Carmarthen
Did the trial then take place,
There the Judge sat, grave and serious,
While gloom lay on each man's face.

In the box the prisoner waited
 And "Not Guilty" did he plead,
 Bowen Rowlands he unfolded
 All about the cruel deed ;
 He told of the quarrel rising
 'Twixt the dead, and prisoner hear,
 And how link to link succeeded
 Proving guilt so plain and clear

How his ship had come to Swansea,
 After sailing far away,
 And with hate his bosom swelling
 To his home he went that day ;
 In the dark and silent midnight
 Through the window crept he in,
 Searching round for gold and silver
 Till the woman waked within.

Mrs. Davies loudly shouted
 Frightened sore, until the man,
 Ran upstairs, and with a pillow
 Smothered her with his strong hand ;
 Quiet now was this poor dwelling
 He had got his sought-for gold,
 Down the stairs he marched in triumph
 And into the road so bold.

Then he sought to flee from justice,
 Down to Neath he made his way
 But his guilty conscience ever
 Pricked him sore by night and day ;
 In a tavern, policemen found him,
 Who had long been on his track
 And by train to Aberystwyth
 Soon they safely brought him back.

After many men had spoken
 Came the verdict "Guilty he,"
 Then the Judge the black cap put on ;
 And this doom he did decree :—
 "Go back to thy cell so gloomy ;
 Make thy peace with him on high,
 For the Law has found thee Guilty
 And by hanging must thou die."